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PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
Virginia Historical Society
AT ITS
ANNUAL MEETING
HELD IN THE
HOUSE OF THE SOCIETY
ON
MARCH 17, 1917.

MITCHELL & HOTCHKISS
PRINTERS TO THE SOCIETY
RICHMOND, VA.

PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
Virginia Historical Society

IN
ANNUAL MEETING HELD MARCH 17, 1917.

The Annual Meeting was held in the Society's House, 707 East Franklin Street on March 17th, at 4 P. M., with President W. Gordon McCabe in the chair.

The first business was the reading of President McCabe's Annual Report as follows:

**ANNUAL REPORT OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE VIRGINIA
HISTORICAL SOCIETY FOR 1916.**

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE VIRGINIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY:

I have the honor to submit the following report comprising a summary of the varied activities of the Society and presenting a detailed statement of its finances, membership and property for the year ending November 30th, 1916—which report has been duly examined, verified and unanimously approved by your Executive Committee.

Though there is little of paramount moment, apart from the solid achievement of the Society in its recognized field, to claim special attention, it is gratifying to report that the year has been, from every point of view, a prosperous one, and that, at the end of its eighty-fourth year, our organization is as full of high aspiration and of lusty vigor as in the "May-morn of its youth," while it is far better equipped than ever before in its history for the successful prosecution of its ever-broadening aims.

Our collections have been excellent, owing to the drastic purging from our rolls of persistent delinquents, while, in spite of the sad inroads of death, our membership has grown to 766, an increase of 9 over last year.

Though we have had no bequests or subscriptions to swell our "Permanent Fund," we have yet made a substantial addition to it through the economical and sagacious management of the Society's current revenues.

That our finances continue in a thoroughly sound and satisfactory condition is evidenced by the subjoined report of our efficient Treasurer, which, having been duly audited, is here presented in full:

TREASURER'S REPORT:

I herewith submit my report for the fiscal year ending November 30, 1916, and of the Permanent Fund at this present date:

Balance in Bank December 1, 1915.....\$369.74

Receipts.

Annual Dues.....	\$3,097.10	
Life Members.....	300.00	
Sale of Magazines.....	340.41	
Sale of Publications.....	7.75	
Advertising.....	36.50	
Interest.....	570.79	
Rent.....	150.00	
From Savings Account.....	1,000.00	\$5,502.55
		<u>\$5,872.29</u>

Disbursements.

Salaries.....	\$1,526.80	
Wages.....	308.00	
Postage and Express.....	110.40	
Repairs.....	47.25	
Insurance.....	72.00	
Checks returned.....	10.00	
City Paving Bill.....	79.53	
Catalogue Cards and Case.....	53.10	
Publishing Magazines.....	1,344.97	
To Permanent Fund.....	1,350.00	
Job Printing.....	27.00	
Books, Stationery and Binding.....	108.48	
Sundry Bills.....	320.98	5,358.51
Balance in Bank November 30, 1916.....		<u>513.78</u>
		<u>\$5,872.29</u>

Permanent Fund.

Twenty-five (25) shares stock Citizens Bank of Norfolk, paying 10%, estimated value.....	\$5,000.00
Real estate mortgage 6%.....	1,000.00
Real estate mortgage 6%.....	1,000.00
Real estate mortgage 6%.....	4,500.00
Savings Deposit 3%.....	1,650.00
	\$13,150.00

In accordance with an order of the Executive Committee, the Treasurer presents the following tabulated statement, showing the sources from which the Permanent Fund is derived. What is termed the "Society's Fund" comprises the amount the Committee has been able to save from year to year out of the ordinary revenues of the Society.

The Virginia Sturdivant McCabe Fund, given by the President of the Society in loving memory of his grand-daughter, Virginia Sturdivant McCabe, born February 1, 1906, died August 11, 1909.....	\$ 500.00
The Jane Pleasants Harrison Osborne McCabe Fund, given by the President of the Society in loving memory of his wife, Jane Pleasants Harrison Osborne McCabe, who died November 22, 1912.....	500.00
Daughters of the American Revolution Fund.....	100.00
Byam K. Stevens Fund.....	650.00
Edward Wilson James Fund.....	4,500.00
Society's Fund.....	6,900.00
	\$13,150.00

Omitting the \$1000.00 entered from the Savings Account to be reinvested, our total receipts for the last fiscal year were \$302.15 greater than those of the year before. The collection of annual dues exceeds the former year by \$158.05; Life Membership fees were \$200.00 greater; and the sale of magazines increased \$48.51. Our routine expenses, as might have been expected, have been higher than during the year before, but, in spite of this, we have had a balance at the end of the year larger by \$144.04 than that of the preceding year, and have added \$550.00 to the Permanent Fund, entirely from the ordinary revenues of the Society.

The condition of our finances during the year would have been gratifying at any time, but it is especially so during an era of very high prices.

I regret to state that one source of addition to the Permanent Fund has ceased. For a number of years, a part of our lot, on the alley, has been rented at \$150.00 a year and this amount was always placed in the Fund. The renter has given the notice required in his contract and after the first quarter of 1917 he will cease to use that part of the lot.

Respectfully submitted,

ROBERT A. LANCASTER, Jr.,
Treasurer.

ADDITIONS TO THE LIBRARY.

The additions to the Library in books and pamphlets number 831. The donors, to whom grateful acknowledgment is due, are: Prof. D. R. Anderson, Major William A. Anderson, John R. Abney, Samuel A. Ashe, George W. Atkinson, Judge Morris S. Barret, P. H. Baskervill, Dr. H. J. Berkeley, Richard Biddle, Percy W. Bidwell, W. J. Brown, Dr. Philip Alexander Bruce, C. M. Burton, David I. Bushnell, Prof. Robert Brydon, E. V. Callahan, Allen C. Clark, William M. Clemens, Dr. William T. Drewry, J. J. Doran, Dr. H. J. Eckenrode, Hon. A. C. Gordon, Hon. Fred. R. Coudert, John D. Guthrie, Fairfax Harrison, Charles H. Hart, G. A. Hankins, T. H. Harris, Col. Arthur Herbert, Prof. Archibald Henderson, James H. Hyde, Prof. Fiske Kimball, J. Granville Leach, Judge L. L. Lewis, John P. McGuire, Jr., W. Gordon McCabe, Albert Matthews, Dr. T. L. Miller, H. W. Morton, J. P. Nelson, Thomas J. Newkirk. Col. John P. Nicholson, Sir Gilbert Parker, Bart., R. E. Peyton, A. C. Quisenberry, Edward L. Ryerson, William G. Stanard, G. Smith Stanton, A. Swarzy, E. J. Sellers, William M. Sweney, C. E. Sherman, Rev. J. W. Sherer, Fred. W. Stevens, Col. Oswald Tilghman, R. C. Ballard Thruston, J. D. Van Horne, Whitney Warren, J. H. Whitty, Col. Jennings C. Wise, John P. Young; Mdmes. C. M. Burton, Belle Bushnell, E. V. Callender, E. W. Doremus, E. M. Houston, C. R. Hyde, W. Gordon McCabe, Jennie C. Morton, Sally Nelson Robins, William G. Stanard; Misses Jane S. Stanard, E. L. Stanard, Lucie P. Stone, Estate of Miss Sally Tompkins (deceased) through Mrs. J. B. Lightfoot; Library of Congress, Virginia State Library, Massachusetts Commission of Public Records, U. S. Commissioner of Education, Department of Universities and Schools, Paris (France), American Bar Association, Virginia Bar Association, Carnegie Institute, Smithsonian Institution, Bunker Hill Monument Association, National Society D. A. R., Hispanic Society of America, U. S. National Museum, Industrial Department C. & O. R. R. Co., Richmond Chamber of Commerce, Universities of Toronto, of California and of North Carolina.

A large number of newspapers and periodicals have been bound, while our "binders" containing valuable pamphlets now number 371, an addition of 20 during the year. The total number of these pamphlets is now approximately 4000.

The book-shelves authorized last year are already well-nigh filled, but we have been materially helped during the year in the matter of shelf-room by the gift of three large bookcases, two of these presented by Dr. McGuire Newton and one by Mr. William G. Stanard.

During 1916, a beginning was made of a card-catalogue of the whole library, designed for the convenience of readers and students who frequent our "Society House". To this end, we bought a case of twelve drawers (which can be added to as needed) and have begun the systematic purchasing of "catalogue-cards" from the Library of Congress; at the same time adding typewritten cards for such printed titles as that Library was unable to furnish. We have now 1163 cards filed, but, as these cover but five cases out of the nine in the front reading-room (on our first floor), it is obvious that the preparation of this minute general catalogue cannot, with our present clerical force, be finished for some time yet. It is expected, however, that all of the books in this front reading-room (which comprise the volumes most consulted by students) will be catalogued during the present winter. It is pertinent to state, in this connection, that we already have a manuscript card-catalogue of every item in our "Collections", but this is accessible to readers only by express permission of the Librarian. The rapidity with which the general card-cataloguing can be completed is, of course, dependent on the amount the Society can spare for the purpose from its current revenue.

GIFTS AND BEQUESTS.

1. A crimson silk book-mark used for years by General Robert E. Lee in the Prayer-book from which he read morning prayers daily.

After the death of his wife at Lexington (Nov. 6th, 1873), this book-mark was given by their youngest daughter, Mildred,

to her cousin, Mrs. Annie Lee Harrison, of Leesburg, Virginia, who now generously presents it (through the President) to the Virginia Historical Society.

An accompanying autograph letter from Miss Mildred Lee to Mrs. Harrison amply attests the authenticity of this precious relic, which, it is needless to say, will always be reverently guarded by the Society as one of its most cherished possessions.

2. A portrait of our former Corresponding Secretary, Philip Alexander Bruce, LL.D.—presented by that distinguished historian, in response to an express request preferred by the Executive Committee.

3. A manuscript "Note-Book" kept by John Mason at Williamsburg, Va., and other places, during 1818, containing, in addition to his "notes," addresses delivered before the literary societies of William and Mary College and other items of rare interest—presented by Randolph Hurry, esq., of New York City.

4. Beads from Indian graves in the old "Nottoway Burying Ground"—presented by Dr. W. B. Barham, Newsom, Va.

5. A piece of bunting *alleged* to be a part of General Robert E. Lee's "Head-Quarter flag," and also a "token" (very much like an English penny in appearance), which bears the inscription, "54th Virginia Regiment"—presented by Mrs. J. Paul Nolting, Plainfield, N. J.

6. Engraved portrait of General Robert E. Lee—presented by Misses Jane S. and E. L. Stanard, Richmond, Virginia.

7. A photograph of President Jefferson Davis, taken in Richmond in 1867, when he came to this city, a "prisoner of state," to stand trial under indictment for "treason"—a trial which the U. S. Government, conscious of its flimsy "case," put off from time to time, until in 1869 the prosecution was dropped, and the final entry made "case dismissed"—presented by Robert B. Munford, Jr., esq., of Richmond, Va.

8. Photograph of the tomb of Lawrence Washington, Wheeling, W. Va.—presented by Mrs. Chiles Ferrell, Richmond, Va.

9. Manuscript Roster of the Thirteenth Virginia Infantry, Army of Northern Virginia—presented by William H. Lyne, esq., Orange, Va.

10. Engraved portrait of General T. J. ("Stonewall") Jackson—presented by Arthur L. Stevens, esq., New York City.

11. A large collection of MS. notes from Virginia County Records, consisting of completed genealogies and of genealogical data, transcribed by the late Captain Wilson Miles Cary, a trained genealogist—presented, on behalf of his heirs, by his nephew, Fairfax Harrison, esq., of "Belvoir House," Fauquier County, Va. (These notes, arranged in two large volumes and in three "files," under the general title of "*The Cary Papers*," have been carefully indexed).

12. A most interesting collection of letters, autographs, manuscripts and pamphlets—bequeathed to the Society by the late Miss Kate Mason Rowland, of Richmond, Virginia, a member of this Society. (These have also been placed in "files" and indexed).

13. "Speed's Map of Virginia and Maryland," together with an engraved portrait of John Gilmer Speed of Kentucky, cartographer, engineer and journalist—presented (both framed) by Gilmer S. Adams, esq., Louisville, Ky.

PUBLICATIONS.

1. Volume XXIV of our *Magazine* was published during the year, steadily maintaining the high position won for it by its accomplished Editor, who has consistently adhered to his established purpose of printing (save in very rare instances) only first-hand documents relating to Virginia history.

2. The "*Minutes of the Council and General Court*" (1622-1629), transcribed from the originals (bound in 2 volumes) in the Library of Congress. It will be remembered that the late Lothrop Withington, of London, an accomplished antiquarian and genealogist, undertook years ago, at his own instance and without one penny of compensation, to transcribe for the Society these venerable records, and that he continued to perform this "labor of love" up to May 1915, when he sailed for England on the ill-starred "*Lusitania*" and met his tragic fate at the hands of German miscreants. The untimely death of this staunch and generous friend rendered it imperative that prompt provision should be made for securing transcripts of the second

volume of these rare MSS. To that end, our Corresponding Secretary, by direction of the President, went at once to Washington, and, through the courteous permission of Dr. Putnam, head of the Congressional Library, caused "photostatic" copies to be made of the originals.

As all of you will readily allow who have glanced over these originals, they are well-nigh undecipherable by any one not a trained expert, because of the crabbed hand-writing and bewildering abbreviations of the different scribes employed in the task. Fortunately, our Secretary is such an expert, and he has not only successfully deciphered these "photostatic" reproductions, but has immensely enhanced the inherent value of the records by a wealth of apposite annotations, for which all historical students must feel grateful.

We cannot refrain from emphasizing yet once again the superlative value of these "*Minutes.*" They constitute, most probably, the oldest records in America that originated in the Colonies, and we do not hesitate to declare that, so far as is known to us, no document whatever dealing with our early Colonial history possesses a more solid and illumining value.

Already, as is known to you, we have printed in full the transcriptions of the first volume, and, when those comprising the second shall have been completed in our pages, and the whole shall be presented in book form, there can be little doubt that historical students everywhere will welcome it as an unrivalled "human document," portraying with homely simplicity, yet dramatic vividness, almost every phase of the intimate social and industrial life of the Virginia Colonists in the Seventeenth century.

3. Through the kindness of the Rev. William J. Hinkie, Ph. D., D. D., of the "Auburn (N. Y.) Theological Seminary," we were enabled to publish in three numbers of our Magazine the very striking "*Report of the Journey of Francis Louis Michel from Berne, Switzerland, to Virginia* (Oct. 23, 1701—Dec. 1, 1702)." This "Report" translated (from the original in the "City Library" of Berne) by Dr. Hinkie and carefully annotated by that erudite scholar ("Part II" containing additional annotations by our Editor) appeared for the first time in English

guise in our pages, and must have afforded keen pleasure to a wide circle of readers.

There is not, indeed, a page of it that Virginians would not be the poorer for missing.

Though Michel was not skilful in the limner's art (as is evidenced by the original sketches accompanying his narrative), he unquestionably wielded a facile and flowing pen, and many of his lively pages remind us constantly of delightful "Master Pepys."

Especially vivid and picturesque is his description of the ceremonies, in turn stately, solemn and jocund, on the occasion of the official proclamation in Williamsburg by his Excellency, Governor Francis Nicholson, of the death of "His Glorious Majesty," King William III, and of the accession of "good Queen Anne." These ceremonies took place in the college grounds of "William and Mary" (so named for the deceased King and his spouse, both munificent patrons of that ancient foundation) and occurred on May 18th, 1702.

As a becoming setting for the reading of the proclamations, the Governor had called out the military contingents of the six neighboring counties, and these troops to the number of 2000, infantry, cavalry, and dragoons, together with two batteries of field artillery, were drawn up in front of the college, forming three sides of a great square, the fourth side being filled in by the imposing front of the college itself. As part of the stately pageant, there is also a great number of the neighboring gentry, mounted and armed, and sixty stalwart Indian warriors serving as escort to two of their queens, who appear in all their barbaric finery of beads and feathers. The college windows are packed, tier on tier, with "dames of high degree," and on the balconies of each story are ranged the musicians, who play "very movingly and mournfully," says the chronicler, as the troops move into position. A great concourse of humbler folk, all afoot, fill up the view beyond. When the ranks are settled and all is ready, the high constable appears bearing the sceptre, and then come picked soldiers, all in mourning, escorting the royal standards—sceptre and standards alike draped in crape. "Then followed the Governor in black, as also his white horse, whose harness

was draped with black." There is a hush, and Mr. Secretary announces the death of their King. This finished, the Governor takes command, and the troops, wheeling into column, march slowly, with arms reversed and the band playing a martial dirge, to an immense tent erected inside the college grounds, where the bishop (as the narrative dubs the clergyman) "delivered a touching oration, which caused many to shed tears." This memorial service ended, presto! "*Le roi est mort! vive le roi!*" The troops march back to a lively tune, while the Governor, who has slipped away for a few minutes, reappears almost immediately in a resplendent uniform of blue and gold, mounted on a richly caparisoned steed, the standards are uncased and flung to the breeze, and Queen Anne is proclaimed by Mr. Secretary amid tumultuous cheering and flinging of loyal caps into the air. The arms were then stacked, and His Excellency, now all smiles, ordered the gentry folk present to be "entertained right royally," while the humbler sort "each received a glass of rum or brandy with sugar." Twice that day was Queen Anne proclaimed at other points in the little town (with more "rum and sugar," we may be sure) and at night the Governor gave a great feast to the leading gentry, and to the officers of the "four war-ships" that fetched to him the orders for the proclamation, at which loyal toasts were drunk in "Rhenish" and "Canary," and cannon thundered, while bugles and hautboys and violins played inspiring airs. After dinner there was a grand display of fireworks in front of the college (crowded to suffocation with the higher gentry, men and women), which the colonials considered magnificent, but which the Swiss traveler, with great self-complacency, declares were "not worth while seeing," affording "little diversion for one who has seen much more than these."

For the whole of two days, the gay little capital was *en fête*, everybody, gentle and simple, in high good humor, including the Indians, though 'tis sad to add that the elder of the two Indian Queens got very, very, drunk and "lay on the ground like an unreasonable brute," says the narrative, while the younger one, "timid and shy," came in to the Governor and his guests as they sat over their wine at his roaring "stag dinner"

and "danced so wonderfully, yea, barbarously, that every one was astonished and laughed"; and dear king William was as clean forgot as if he had never come out of Holland to rule over the English, and, no doubt, Queen Anne continued to be "proclaimed" many, many times (of course, unofficially, but with the usual accompaniments of "rum and sugar"), and if there were the immemorial headaches of "next morning," they find no mention in the brisk pages of this very frank chronicler.

A brave episode bravely told.

Quite apart from the narrative itself, the pen-and-ink sketches accompanying it (though crude from an artistic point of view, as we have hinted) must prove of great interest to antiquarians. as many of the buildings depicted (e. g., the first college building of "William and Mary," as it was in 1702, before it was destroyed by fire (1705), the original "Old Bruton Church" and others) have long since disappeared. In addition, there is a map of the "Entrance to Chesapeake Bay," drawn by Michel and a few of his rather grotesque, yet effective, sketches of the Indians and their homes.

4. Mr. David I. Bushnell, Jr. (a member of the Society and widely known as an expert in Indian history in the "Bureau of American Ethnology") has contributed two more instalments of his valuable series, entitled "The Virginia Frontier in History, 1778." The first instalment describes the "Events Leading to the Treaty of Fort Pitt," and contains a large number of letters (never before in print) from the chief actors in the "preliminary negotiations," transcribed by Mr. Bushnell from the originals in the Library of Congress; while the second deals with the treaty itself and presents to us for the first time full transcriptions of the speeches made by the chiefs of the "Delawares" and by the Commissioners of the Government in the grave "pow-wows," which resulted in formulating "a treaty of peace and friendship" at Fort Pitt, September 17th, 1778. The speeches on both sides are intensely interesting and it is a wonder that they have never been published before. From a photograph of a portion of the original treaty, kindly sent to us by Mr. Bushnell, we were able to reproduce facsimiles of the signatures of the Commissioners and of the witnesses, also of the "marks"

of the three "Delaware" chiefs, as they appear in the official copy of the treaty. Among the signatures are those of General MacIntosh and Colonel Brodhead and of such stout Virginia "Indian fighters" as "the Honorable Andrew Lewis, the Honorable Thomas Lewis," Colonel Crawford, who was captured four years afterwards by the Indians and burned at the stake, and Colonel John Gibson, who survived the perils of war full forty years, and died at a ripe age in the second decade of the last century.

These instalments, like the previous ones, are admirably annotated throughout and we venture to reiterate the hope, expressed in our last Report, that, when completed, the whole series shall be presented in book form as constituting a solid contribution to the early history of the commonwealth.

5. "*The Council Papers*" (1698-1702), transcribed by our own copyist from the long-forgotten manuscript volume (so entitled) in the Virginia State Library, instalments of which we have continued to publish since 1913 to the increasing delight of our readers, is now nearing conclusion with the printing in full of the elaborate "Reports of Col. William Byrd (the First), Auditor General of Virginia," in which not only the determined economic student, but the general reader as well, will find much that is of interest and of value.

We may be allowed to pause a moment here and note that the January (1916) instalment of these "Papers" contains a letter (November, ye 11th, 1702) written by the "English Commissioners of Trade" to "His Excellency Francis Nicholson, "Governor General of Her Majesty's Collonye and Dominion of Virginia," inclosing Queen Anne's Proclamation, "directing a Publick Thanksgiving for the Present Great Successes of Her Majesty's Arms by Sea and land" (i. e., in the "War of the Spanish Succession") "throughout England and all her Plantacons in America." This letter is signed by "Yo'r very loving Friends" and it is a delightful surprise to find among the signatures the name of "Mat Pryor—not "Matthew," but simply "Mat," as he was familiarly called by his intimates—the boon-companion of Harley and Bolingbroke and Pope and Swift, the last of whom seems to have been fonder of him than of any

other member of that wondrous literary coterie—not even excepting the “Papist lad,” Alexander Pope, whom the great gloomy Dean “applauded” and “petted and taught mischief,” as Thackeray neatly puts it.

William III, whose Secretary he had been in Flanders, put him into the Commissionship with which we are here concerned, and Anne, on her accession, retained him in the place.

But with her death, at which time he was English Ambassador at Paris, came a sudden end to all his ambitions, and he was promptly dismissed from all his posts.

Thackeray, whose charming lecture on Prior is familiar to you all, is, however, mistaken when he says that “Mat” “lived under a cloud ever after and disappeared in Essex.” An avowed, nay, ardent, disciple of Horace (whose poems he knew by heart, and always carried in his pocket wherever the fates might take him), he practiced, when misfortunes came thick and fast, the serene philosophy that his Epicurean master had inculcated in his haunting cadences. To paraphrase the Roman bard a trifle, he praised Fortune while she remained, but when she shook her swift wings, he resigned with manly fortitude what she had given and looked the world in the face with unshaken front. He straightway issued a corrected edition of his poems, which brought him in the extraordinary sum of 4000 guineas and my Lord Harley (now become Earl of Oxford) having munificently presented him with £4000 more, he purchased the fine estate of “Down Hall” in Essex and there lived and died “like a gentleman.”

No doubt, to many this will all seem an irrelevant discursus, but we think that there are few Virginians, “to the manner born,” who will not feel a thrill, however slight, of nameless delight at the thought that there exists such an interesting link as this letter between our “Old Dominion” and the famous “Queen Anne” man-of-letters, whom the poet Gay apostrophized as “Prior, beloved of every Muse,” and whose verses Thackeray declares to be “among the easiest, the richest, the most charmingly humorous of English lyrical poems.”

6. The series of “*Abstracts*,” made by the late W. N. Sainsbury, of valuable MS. documents in the British “Public Records

Office" dealing with Virginia matters in the seventeenth century, as well as the "*Complete Transcripts*" of many of these highly important papers (copied for the Virginia State Library and catalogued there under the title of the "De Jarnette," "Winder," and "McDonald" Papers) has run throughout the year. These latest instalments cover the years 1678-79 and contain much matter of genuine historical import to students of the distracted conditions existing in Virginia during the years immediately subsequent to the suppression, or, rather, the collapse, of "Bacon's Rebellion," caused by the untimely death of its glorious young leader. Had he lived, the history of Virginia, from 1676 on, would assuredly have been far different. At any rate, one feels sure that Virginia would, at least, have escaped the distresses and exactions that came upon her under the governorship of Bacon's cousin, Lord Culpeper, who proved himself as grasping and as corrupt as did any "Carpet-Bag Governor" in the South, during the infamous days of "Reconstruction."

It is pertinent to note here that the Sainsbury's "*Abstracts*" contain one-third more matter than is comprised in the stately volumes published by the "Public Records Office," while the more important papers are for the first time presented in full in our Magazine. The Society may well feel proud of this achievement in the domain of historical study.

7. "*The Pittsylvania County Tithables, 1767*," contributed by Mrs. M. E. Clement (a loyal member of the Society) has been concluded. We can only reiterate here our regret that we have not similar lists (giving the number of acres of land owned by each resident in the county, together with the names of the "tithables") for all the counties in the commonwealth. Such lists would enable close students of comparative economics to solve more than one vexed problem that confronts us.

8. The publication of the "*Letters of William Byrd*" (the First), which we promised in our last Annual Report, began in our July number. These letters, our readers will agree, not only throw much light on the conduct of trade between Virginia and the Mother Country, but afford intimate information touching

social and industrial life in the Colony. They have been copiously annotated by our Editor, and, quite apart from their economic value, not a few of them will prove amusing reading to even the idlest "skimmer."

9. Among the miscellaneous papers worthy of special mention, that have appeared in our Magazine during the year, may be noted: (1) "*The Will of Colonel John Baylor of 'Newmarket,' Caroline County, Virginia*" (proved May 16th, 1772), which gives one a very vivid notion of the vast possessions and varied interests of a rich Virginia planter of the time. He was County Lieutenant of Orange, where he held immense estates and was a member of the House of Burgesses for Caroline, where he owned still broader acres. Educated in England at "Putney Grammar School" and at Caius College, Cambridge (as his son John was after him), he was a keen reader, possessed a fine library, and could read his Virgil or Horace "with his feet on a fender." But he was keener still as a "gentleman racer" and breeder of "blooded stock," (as was the term in those days), not a few of his horses being imported direct from England. His "racing stud," as the Will shows, could boast such famous "blooded horses" as "Fearnaught," "Ballad Stella," "Godolphin," "Sprightly," "Sober John" and many other names familiar to our grandsires versed in "thoroughbred" pedigrees. At his death, over one hundred of these thoroughbreds were sold by his Executors, and it is sad to have to add that this almost feudal land-owner, who practiced a most unbounded hospitality and who every year rode in state to the meeting of the "Burgesses" yonder in Williamsburg in his "charriot and four," left his great estate so involved that many of his generous bequests proved of little worth.

His splendid estate of "Newmarket," however, happily remains to this day in the possession of his direct descendants, who worthily maintain the high traditions of an honored name.

(2) "*Abstract of a Chancery Suit: President and Masters of the College of William and Mary vs. Frewen*," kindly transcribed for the Society from the records of the English High Court of Chancery by Leo Culleton, esq., of London, a well-known antiquarian. This so-called "Abstract" is really a full transcript

of the "Bill of Complaint" brought by the President and Masters of William and Mary College vs: Laton Frewen, Gent., praying the Lord Keeper of the Great Seal to compel the said Frewen to carry out his agreement to purchase from the "Complainants" the "Capitall Messuage" known as "Brafferton Hall," Yorkshire, which property had been originally bought by the Executors of the Honorable Robert Boyle (the famous scientist and theologian) and turned over to the College, which was the chief beneficiary under Boyle's will. The purchase had proved unsatisfactory to the College authorities, so far as income was concerned, for this amounted to only £270 per annum, out of which had to be deducted cost of repairs and an annual charge of £90 or one-third of the whole income, which was to be devoted to the instruction in the Christian religion of ye natives (i. e. Indians) of New England. The College, therefore, offered to sell the property to this Yorkshire gentleman, who closed with the offer. But, the Complaint alleges, "now flyes of his said Agree't."

They pray the Court to compel him to stand by his bargain.

It is easy for even a layman, reading between the lines of what "honest Jack Falstaff" would call the "damnable iterations" of the archaic legal phraseology, to see that the whole proceeding is really what is commonly known as a "friendly suit in Chancery," to the end that the Court might decree "clear title" to the purchaser.

Frewen practically says in his "Answer," "Soe as this Honourable Court will decree a good conveyance of the fee symple of the said Messuage, freed from the former charities," I stand ready to pay down the money.

This is not the place to go into the details of the case, but this "Complaint" clears up one point (meticulous, if you like), which seems to have been very generally misapprehended. It has been repeatedly and authoritatively stated in print that the whole of the £90 yearly charges on the income from the "Brafferton" estate was to be paid over to "The President and Fellowes of Harvard College in Cambridge in New England," and by implication, at least, that it was to be devoted to the support of that foundation. This is a mistake, which a careful reading of what is known as "The Transfer of the College of William and Mary" to trustees in Virginia, would have obviated.

The whole £90 was to be paid over to the "Company for Propagating the Gospell in New England and ye parts adjacent in America." The "Company" was to expend directly one moiety of this amount for the salaries of two ministers, who should instruct "ye natives" in those parts in the Christian religion. The other moiety (£45), the "Company" was to remit annually to the President and Fellows of Harvard College for the same purpose.

Curiously enough, while a reference to the "Transfer" would have corrected the mistake as to the annual sum that Harvard was to receive and disburse, a significant error in the printed text of that "Transfer" (if Mr. Culleton's transcription from the Chancery Records is accurate, as we feel sure it is) accounts for the implication that her moiety was to be devoted to Christian instruction of the Indians as students *in the College*.

The "Transfer" (as printed) reads, "for the salary of two other ministers to teach the said natives, *in or near the College*, the Christian religion." The "Complaint of the President and Masters of the College of William and Mary vs: Frewen," reads, "for the sallary of two other *preaching* ministers to teach ye said natives in or near ye said *Collonyes* in the Christian Religion." No doubt, it practically amounted to the same thing, so far as the purpose of the bequest and the actual expenditure of the whole £90 were concerned, but it is the special province of Historical Societies to "keep the record straight," in things small as well as great.

(3) "*Abstracts of Lists of Wills and Administrations from British Probate Courts*" ("Compiled and presented" by the late Lothrop Withington and by Leo Culleton, esq., of London) have appeared in each number of our Magazine under their usual title of "*Virginia Gleanings in England*." On Mr. Withington's tragic death (to which we have already alluded in this Report), his fellow antiquarian, Mr. Leo Culleton of London, generously volunteered to take up his friend's unfinished task, thus enabling us to continue without interruption the series which we began as far back as January 1903.

These wills, every one of which, we may say here, we read with unflinching interest, reveal so suggestively the surroundings and

daily activities of the Virginia Colonists and of their forebears in England, that it would require but small power of imagination to reproduce from them a very vivid picture of the little world in which the testators lived and moved and had their being—even, at times, to discern their personal characteristics, their ambitions and disappointments.

To the many readers, who have, no doubt, enjoyed these intimate contributions as much as we have, it must prove welcome news that Mr. Culleton has promised to continue the series.

(4) "*Extracts from King William County (Va.) Records*" were contributed by our indefatigable friend, Mr. William B. Cridlin of this city, whose skill as a transcriber fully matches his antiquarian enthusiasm. These records have had everything to happen to them but an earthquake. Especially have they been grievously damaged by a succession of fires, but, after the last fire, the Clerk of the County Court, with a zeal that cannot be too highly commended, gathered up the torn and charred fragments, placed them carefully in their appropriate places and caused the whole (comprising several large volumes) to be substantially bound. When Mr. Cridlin shall have completed these "Abstracts," he will have performed a service signally useful to historical students and most creditable to himself.

(5). "*Extracts from the Virginia Gazette, 1752 and 1755,*" transcribed from the rare issues of that paper now on file in the "New York Public Library," and courteously contributed by Mr. Austin P. Scott, comprise many amusing "items," though they deal chiefly with crimes and criminals. It must not be inferred from these "extracts" that crime was more rife, or criminals more numerous, in Virginia than in the other colonies. The explanation of the almost exclusive tenor of the excerpts lies in the fact that Mr. Scott has been making a special study of criminology in the Colonies and naturally transcribed, in chief measure, the "items" directly bearing on his subject. Though the majority of the extracts read like a chapter out of the "Newgate Calendar," a few of them deal with less sinister happenings.

(6). The Departments of "*Notes and Queries*," "*Book-Reviews*" and "*Genealogy*" have been maintained at their usual high level. As regards the last named, it may be permissible for us to report what we deemed worthy of special mention in our last Report—that a large proportion of our present membership is, in its origin, directly traceable to the very attractive manner in which this department has been conducted.

To select one instance out of several, the genealogy of the Fleming family (which we began in 1915 and which is not yet completed) is no mere arid record of births, marriages and deaths, but rather a delightful history of a great Virginia family, which constantly reminds one of such charming books as Dr. Augustus Jessopp's, "*One Generation of a Norfolk House*," or John Russell's "*The Haigs of Bemerside*."

It not only contains much matter of solid value relating to our Colonial and Revolutionary history, but in it are included numbers of graphic letters, ranging in content, as Mr. Pope would say, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe"—some dealing with public matters and military activities during the Revolution, while others (to us far the most delightful) are given up exclusively to intimate family affairs. Especially noteworthy among the latter are letters from Thomas Jefferson (then a law-student in Williamsburg under George Wythe) to his college-mate, William Fleming (destined in the coming years to be Judge, first of the General Court, and, later on, of the Superior Court of Appeals), full of delicious philosophising about matrimony, in which he gives his absent friend ("Dear Will") all the latest gossip touching the bewitching belles and "pretty sparks" of the lively little town. Jefferson himself was just then revelling in a very "luxury of woe" because that brilliant young creature, Rebecca Burwell (whom he apostrophized as "Belinda" and for whom he played his most ravishing airs on his beloved violin) had, to his consternation, suddenly "changed her mind" and given her hand to his rival gallant, young Mr. Jacquelin Ambler.

Very touching, too, is the letter written by Mary Fleming (under date of April 16th, 1777) to her uncle, Captain Charles Fleming of the 7th Virginia Regiment, regarding the death of

her brother, Captain John Fleming, who, after nearly two years of gallant service in the Continental Army, had fallen but a few months before at "Princeton," while leading his regiment with such conspicuous valor as drew special praise from Washington himself.

The writer of this exquisite letter and her younger sister, Susanna Fleming, were *primae inter primas* among the reigning "toasts" of the brilliant society that at the time gathered in Williamsburg during the sessions of the "Assembly," and suitors they had in plenty. Very charming they must, indeed, have been according to some very vivacious stanzas reprinted here from a contemporary poem entitled "*The Belles of Williamsburg*" (whether written by St. George Tucker or the witty Dr. McClurg is a mooted point), in which the enraptured bard extols in faultless numbers the respective attractions of these aristocratic paragons. In these stanzas, Mary Fleming, according to the fashion of the time, is celebrated under the name of "Myrtilla," while the younger sister claims our homage as "Sylvia."

Whoever the poet may have been, the verses are worthy a place in any anthology of sparkling "*vers-de-société*," and neither Praed nor Mr. Austen Dobson might disdain to have signed them.

As we have already stated, the book-notices have been uniformly of a high degree of merit, but there is one to which we are impelled to draw especial attention, lest by any chance it may have been overlooked by some of our readers. It is a review in our January (1916) number of a volume entitled "*George Washington, Farmer: Being an Account of His Home Life and Agricultural Pursuits*."

The author is Prof. Paul Leland Haworth, who has won no little distinction by various historical monographs. The reviewer (as all readers of the article must have instantly divined) is our accomplished Corresponding Secretary and Editor. The reviewer does not by any means approach his task after the manner of that truculent critic, "Mr. Bludyer," whom Thackeray has immortalized in "Pendennis," nor would his innate modesty ever allow him to assume the airy omniscience of

"master Pen" himself, who, as we all remember, stood ready at twenty-four hours' notice to review the "*Encyclopaedia*" for the "Pall Mall Gazette." On the contrary, he pronounces the book, on the whole, as a very valuable and interesting work. He gives the author full credit for painstaking study of the vast mass of printed material bearing on Washington's home-life and agricultural activities. But, when Dr. Haworth, leaving the beaten path of the subjects indicated in his title, essays to discuss, with a certain air of "cocksureness," conditions in general existing in Virginia at the time, the hand of the reviewer, who "knows his subject" as few men do, falls heavy upon him. What he has to say will not be pleasant reading to Dr. Haworth, but it may "prove a blessing in disguise," as we are told most of the disagreeable things in life really are.

The author quotes Martha Washington (p. 49) as saying that she "remembered a time when there was only one coach in Virginia." Whereupon, our amiable reviewer sweetly remarks, "If she said this, she was at the time in a state of mental debility of which there is no other record."

Then follows an array of evidence from wills, appraisements and such like records touching the number of coaches in the colony long before Martha Washington was old enough to remember anything—evidence that has been accessible for years in the pages of our Magazine and of the "*William and Mary Quarterly*," which must convince every reader that it would have been well for Dr. Haworth to have gone to the records instead of accepting without investigation such loose and (most probably) apocryphal statements.

So, in regard to the author's ignorance as to the breeding of "blooded" horses in Virginia and the extent of sheep-raising among Colonial planters. One would have thought that a historical student of Dr. Haworth's repute would, at least, have consulted Dr. Philip Alexander Bruce's monumental "*Economic History of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century*" (which is certainly accessible in almost all libraries) before writing on such subjects. Had he done so, he would have been spared these mortifying blemishes in an otherwise admirable book.

"The blessing in disguise" (which we have so feelingly alluded to above) may turn out to be that the "new school" of historical writers (to which Prof. Haworth belongs) may, hereafter, turn to an earnest study of Dr. Bruce's volumes and of the transcripts from original records printed in the pages of our Magazine and in those of the "*William and Mary Quarterly*," before they venture to write with an *ex cathedra* air concerning conditions, social, commercial and agricultural, in our "Old Dominion" during the Colonial period.

We make no apology for giving this extended summary of the contents of our Magazine for 1916, because we are satisfied that many of our members, immersed in business or hard driven by professional demands upon their time, are scarcely conscious of the many "good things," by turns delightful and of grave import, that are contained within the gray covers of each quarterly issue.

1917.

Our Editor's programme for 1917, subject, of course, to some minor alterations, is as follows:

The "*Minutes of the Council and General Court*," the "*Sainsbury Abstracts*," the "*Complete Transcripts*," the "*Letters of William Byrd*," the "*Virginia Gleanings*," and the "*Extracts from King William County (Va.) Records*," will run continuously throughout the whole year.

The "*Council Papers*" (1698-1702) will be finished early in the year.

The "*Extracts from the Virginia Gazette*" (1752-1755) will be concluded in our January number.

In the same number will be published an article by Mr. David I. Bushnell, Jr., entitled "*Daniel Boone at Limestone*" (the modern Maysville, Ky.), 1786-1787. This article (illustrated by a *fac simile* page of Boone's accounts, which he called his "*Indian Book*") contains documents of great interest, never before published, relating to economic conditions on the frontier of Virginia five years before the "District of Kentucky" was erected into a separate state. Mr. Bushnell makes handsome acknowledgments in this paper to Mr. Earl G. Swem of the Virginia State Library for having "called his attention to items

(manuscript accounts in the State archives) once belonging to that most romantic and typical character of frontier life, Daniel Boone." Other contributions of like character have been kindly promised by the same author.

"*Letters and Petitions*," covering the period immediately preceding, and during, the Revolution, transcribed from the originals in the State Archives (publication of which has been unavoidably suspended for several years) will be resumed during the year.

Other valuable letters from our own manuscript collections will be published.

The Departments of "*Book-Reviews*," "*Notes and Queries*" and "*Genealogy*," will, of course, be continued as usual.

Again we venture to draw the attention of our members to the urgent need of a "*General Index*" to our Magazine. The year 1917 will see the completion of our XXVth volume, and, while each volume already contains a carefully prepared index, a "*General Index*" (both "subject" and "name," with minute cross-references) to the whole twenty-five volumes would be an inestimable boon both to the general reader and to historical students. The demand for such an index comes to us from all quarters. But an undertaking of such magnitude is, at present, beyond the means of the Society, and, if this "*General Index*" is to be printed early in 1918, it can only be done through individual subscriptions. One of the officers of the Society is so impressed with the imperative need of this Index, that he has volunteered to subscribe one hundred dollars towards its preparation and publication. It is hoped that a goodly number of others interested in Virginia history will speedily follow his example.

Written promises of subscriptions (whether of large or small amounts) should be sent to the Corresponding Secretary, 707 E. Franklin St., Richmond, Virginia.

To the whole active staff of the Society, your Committee tenders its grateful acknowledgments for the zeal, fidelity and intelligence with which they have each performed their respective duties. But it is only just (and not one of his collaborators will deem it invidious) that we should emphasize in a special

manner the steadily increasing debt of gratitude that we all owe to our Corresponding Secretary, whose erudition, industry and single-minded devotion to the Society have achieved for it the high repute it enjoys today among historical students at home and abroad. This is not merely the opinion of those of us, who work in conjunction with him and enjoy the privilege of his personal friendship, but it is the measured verdict of scholars everywhere, who are competent to appreciate his conspicuous services in the domain of historical investigation.

NECROLOGY.

LIFE MEMBERS.

HON. SETH LOW, New York City.

ANNUAL MEMBERS.

ST. GEORGE TUCKER COALTER BRYAN, Richmond, Virginia.

GEORGE CAMERON, Petersburg, Virginia.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON, Petersburg, Virginia.

MISS ANNE HARVIE, Richmond, Virginia.

BRYAN LATHROP, Chicago, Illinois.

EDWARD LUNSFORD LOMAX, San Francisco, California.

COLONEL JOHN B. PURCELL, Richmond, Virginia.

MISS KATE MASON ROWLAND, Richmond, Virginia.

A. D. SLAUGHTER, Chicago, Illinois.

J. H. SPENCER, Martinsville, Virginia.

RAPHAEL SEMMES, Savannah, Georgia.

MRS. MAURICE THOMFSON, Chicago, Illinois.

"This fell sergeant, Death, is strict in his arrest," and ours is again the sad duty to chronicle an appalling necrology.

Of some of these we can make no adequate record by reason of lack of personal knowledge, holding that conventional eulogy, which never rings true, is repellent to all men and women of deep feeling and delicate sensibilities.

Others of them filled so large a place in the public eye and, in consequence, received at their death such elaborate appreciations of their varied activities that it would seem like painting

the lily or gilding refined gold for us to seek to add aught to these sympathetic memorials written by far more competent hands.

To this latter group belongs the Hon. Seth Low of New York City, the only one of our "Life Members," whose name "the sudden hand of death" has stricken from the roll.

For full forty years, he played a great and honorable part in the educational and civic life of the nation—President of a great University, whose affairs he administered with consummate skill and of which he was a most munificent benefactor—chief magistrate of the metropolitan city of our country—delegate to the Hague Conference in 1899—trustee of the "Carnegie Institute"—President of numberless "learned societies" (scientific, sociological, geographical and archaeological)—honored by the leading universities at home and abroad with their highest degrees—recognized as a publicist of the first rank and as an enlightened philanthropist, princely in his benefactions, not only to the various activities of his own ancient communion, but to all civic enterprises dedicated to the betterment of his humbler fellow-citizens—devoting years of unselfish and unremitting labor to each and all of them—what wonder that, when the end came, press and pulpit pronounced eulogies on such a noble and beneficent career that were informed throughout with that note of unaffected grief which conventional sorrow has no skill to counterfeit!

We can only set down here that he was greatly interested in the work of this Society, and it may be allowed us to add that, quite apart from all his splendid civic virtues, he was in private life a most gracious and delightful companion, as some of us still remember who enjoyed the privilege of entertaining him under our own roof-tree, and, in turn, were the recipients of his own cordial hospitality.

Of the "Annual Members," those of us who are citizens of Richmond, and who know almost equally well our sister city of Petersburg, cannot fail to mark with poignant personal sorrow how many of our oldest and dearest friends in each place are included in the dread list.

One of the most lovable of them all was St. George Bryan, a brother of our former President, whose vivid personality and

inimitable sweetness of disposition won him affectionate welcome alike among the lofty and the lowly.

He was full of ingenuous "prejudices" (which some of us shared to the full) and of scarcely less delightful eccentricities, which made him irresistibly attractive. His mind was acute and distinctly speculative (save in matters of religion), and, though the greater part of his life was spent in the practical out-door work of his profession, he in some way found time to compass a wide range of reading, and constantly astonished his friends by his keen and enlightened interest in subjects little known to the average man, and by his intimate acquaintance with "many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore," of which they knew scarcely more than the bare title.

In his "hot youth," as Shakespeare hath it, he had worn with honor his country's gray as a private soldier in the "Second Company" of the Richmond Howitzers, in which command he served until he had the ill-luck to be severely wounded in the disastrous battle of "Sailor's Creek," April 6th, 1865, just three days before "the Surrender" at Appomattox. He was carried to "Carysbrook," his father's plantation on "the upper James," where, after his wound had healed, he settled down for several years assisting his father in the management of that historic estate. But life in the country at that time, when the ravages of war had not yet been repaired, was too lonely and monotonous to a man of his restless spirit, and so for a period he entered upon a business life, where he made some money, not much, yet enough to pay his expenses at college, and, though now thirty, he entered in 1873 the scientific side of the University of Virginia. Having fitted himself there by hard study to become a mining engineer, after a brief space, he fared forth to seek his fortunes in the far West—mining and "prospecting" in several states and territories. Many were the stirring scenes in which he took part among the Indians of Nevada or of Idaho, the rough miners of California, and, as he pushed northward, among the natives of Vancouver. These adventures, as well as his war-experiences, he was fond of recounting to his intimates, always modestly and without a shadow of self-exploitation. In addition, he was possessed of a

large fund of racy and intimate anecdote (of course, unpublished) of his close kinsmen (John Randolph of Roanoke, St. George Tucker and other "worthies"), whose names are still famous in Virginia annals.

In his intercourse with his fellow-men he was thoroughly democratic, but he never forgot the "*noblesse oblige*" of his strain.

The influences that, in chief measure, colored his whole life, whether in act or utterance, were his deep and fervid (though never obtrusive) piety and his unshaken loyalty to what is now-a-days termed the "Lost Cause." As regards the former, it is no whit an exaggeration to declare that from youth to old age his was the unquestioning faith of a little child, and he believed with all the passion of his loyal soul that the Confederate cause was an altogether righteous cause and held steadfastly that it was not good that a righteous cause should perish from the earth. With his strong religious faith, it was "all a mystery" that the result should have been what it was, but no amount of argument could convince him that it was a "Lost Cause," but, always and forever, a cause "strong with the strength of Truth and immortal with the immortality of Right." If ever the famous line of the Roman stoic was applicable to any mortal among men of our generation, it was to him:

"VICTRIX CAUSA DEIS PLACUIT, SED VICTA CATONI."

He will be best remembered for what he really was—one of the best types of the old-fashioned "Tide-Water Virginian," with a real genius for friendship and hospitality, of high and generous courage, saturated with what the outside world calls "provincialism," but what is to us that splendid "provincialism," of his time and of his breed, which makes a man, according to Tennyson's immortal dictum, really "the best cosmopolite."

He never married, but passed the last years of his life contently among his books and in the companionship of his closest kinsmen, who gave him a responsive affection, that made his old age singularly serene and happy.

He died at the home of his nephew, Judge Daniel Grinnan, a member of our Executive Committee, on April 5th, 1916, in the seventy-third year of his age.

Another of our friends, whose familiar face and figure shall long be missed upon our streets, is Col. John B. Purcell, whose quiet humor, frank manners and consistent kindness endeared him to a host of friends here and elsewhere.

His career could not, perhaps, in the strictest sense of the term, be reckoned an eventful one, yet was his long and honorable life so crowded with beneficent activities and so distinguished by solid achievement, that his place is assured among the most sterling of our "Virginia Worthies."

Only in outline may we venture to sketch here the salient features of that busy life, for his commercial and financial achievements, noteworthy as they were, have been recounted elsewhere in detail by his business associates, who naturally, can speak with a degree of authority, touching that side of his career, which we can in no measure pretend to.

Of the personal side of the man alone can we venture to speak here, our warrant for the attempt being an unbroken friendship extending over half a century.

JOHN BARRY PURCELL, son of John Purcell and Martha Webb, his wife, was born in this city, September 17th, 1849. The mother, a woman of high intelligence and lovely disposition, was a daughter of that fine old "sea-dog," Commodore Thomas T. Webb, of the United States Navy, who had made a gallant record for himself in the "War of '12", and, afterwards, in the "Algerian War," and who died in his native Norfolk about eight years prior to the "War between the States."

The father, in many of his traits a typical Irishman (as he was by blood, though not by birth) is still well remembered by our older citizens as a merchant of high integrity, who in his acquisition of fortune never forgot "the Golden Rule"—given to profuse hospitality, distinguished for his public spirit and of such open-handed generosity that, though a devoted Catholic, he gave with equal liberality to all charities, whether Protestant or those of his own ancient communion.

As is the inexorable experience of life, the remembrance of this kindly, high-spirited, father must inevitably, with the passing of years, have first grown dim and then have sunk into oblivion, but for one of his impulsive acts of princely generosity,

which shall assuredly keep alive his name so long as shall endure the fame of the "Army of Northern Virginia."

In the beginning of April, 1861, an artillery company was recruited in this city, and offered for instant service to stout old John Letcher, "Virginia's War-Governor." But the state lacked the guns, horses, uniforms and other necessary equipment of a light battery, and could only hold out to the company vague promises for the future. The ardent young recruits were in despair, when the generous and patriotic old merchant stepped into the breach and offered to equip the whole battery in the most thorough fashion out of his own pocket. Great was the joy of the young volunteers, who, by acclaim, named the battery for their munificent patron, chose, at his suggestion, Lindsay Walker as their captain, and gaily marched away, very proud of the fact that "the Purcell" was the first light battery to leave Richmond for "the front."

This battery was destined to win within the next four years an austere glory, which made its name a household word throughout the army and the state. But at what an appalling price!—the price that "the post of honor" ever exacts. Always skillfully handled in the presence of the enemy, it yet lost two hundred and forty-one men killed and wounded in action. Twice were its depleted ranks filled up by large drafts from the recruiting depots, and not a few young volunteers, as they became of military age, flocked to its colors, eager to take service in a command that had won such fame. Of the original one hundred and twenty five cannoneers, who had so blithely entrained for Acquia Creek in April 1861, only five were left when Grant, on May 23rd, 1864, attempted to force the passage of the North Anna at "Jericho Ford." One of the five fell on that glorious field.

In all soberness, it might justly have inscribed on its rent and grimy battle-flag the single word "UBIQUE," for it enjoys the distinction (unique, so far as we know) of having taken part (and most heroic part according to the official reports of Lee, Jackson and A. P. Hill) in every general action delivered by the "Army of Northern Virginia" from the time Lee assumed command at Seven Pines up to the surrender at Appomattox Court-House.

If you will study the Virginia campaigns in the voluminous "War Records," or read the masterly and entrancing history of the artillery of Lee's army, which Colonel Jennings C. Wise has recently published under the title of "*The Long Arm of Lee*," you will see that this is no mere extravagance of rhetoric.

At "First Manassas," under Lindsay Walker, afterwards Chief of Artillery of A. P. Hill's Corps, the battery rendered efficient service—Walker received his majority and was given a battalion early in '62, and William Johnson Pegram, a lad of nineteen, reserved almost to shyness, of grave, yet gracious, bearing, scion of one of Richmond's oldest families, became its captain.

It was under Pegram that it was destined to win its great renown. Very gentle and courteous he was in private intercourse, but his discipline, like his resolution, was iron, and his men feared him, yet loved him, and obeyed his slightest sign in desperate and critical events like children. They were immensely proud of the battery and their admiration knew no bounds for their young captain's absolute contempt of danger.

As time went on, Pegram became major and battalion-commander—then lieutenant-colonel, and finally in 1864, full colonel of artillery (one of the eight officers of that grade in the whole artillery corps of Lee's army), but he would never let "the Purcell" leave him. To the disastrous end, fraught with so much mournful glory, it remained part of his superb battalion, and when he himself fell amid his blackened guns in the ill-starred battle of "Five Forks" (the last pitched fight of the war) and the news flashed down the lines, scores of these grizzled veterans broke down and sobbed like children.

Such was "the old Purcell," as these rough soldiers fondly called the battery, and we, the surviving few, who, in those brave old days served under Pegram in that famous battalion, careless of whether all this be regarded as an irrelevant excursus, cannot choose but uncover, when the name of "Purcell" is called, and reverently salute the mighty shades of those grimy cannoneers, who fought their guns like men and did not grudge to die for hearth and home and country.

But, in truth, it is not "irrelevant," for the constant mention of the battery in official despatches, and in the press naturally had a tremendous influence on the little lad, who bore the same name. He was only in his twelfth year, when the war began, but he entreated to be allowed to "go" in some capacity. This was, of course, too absurd to listen to, yet it was fated that, in a measure, he should have his heart's desire before he was fifteen. By dint of persistent pleas, he was allowed in 1863 to enlist in Company G, of Colonel McAnerny's regiment of "Forces for Local Defence." This regiment, composed of boys and department clerks, was officially attached to the brigade of heavy artillerymen garrisoning the "Richmond Defences" under command of Brigadier-General Custis Lee, but it was understood that it was only to be called upon for service in case of great emergency. This emergency came at the beginning of March of the next year, when a strong body of veteran horsemen under young Colonel Ulrich Dahlgren essayed to break through the outer defences of the town, release the Federal prisoners at "Belle Isle," burn the city, and put to death Mr. Davis and his cabinet. This was what is known as the "Dahlgren Raid," and to young Purcell's great and lasting delight he took active part in the trenches in repelling the invaders. (The "curious" can read the details of the daring, yet abortive, attempt in Vol. XXXIII of the "War Records").

In May following, he was made first sergeant of his company, which shows that he was even then a good soldier, and a few months later he was detailed as "courier" at the head-quarters of Custis Lee, who had been raised to the rank of Major-General and assigned command of all the outlying troops about the city, including the forces at Drewry's Bluff and Chapin's Farm. Lee took a fancy to the gallant little fellow, who was always ready to carry orders anywhere, and Purcell, in after years, never tired of recounting the many acts of consideration and kindness that he received at the hands of that knightly soldier and gentleman.

While thus serving, it was again his good fortune to take part in several minor "affairs," and it is safe to say that the many honors that came to him in his maturer years were as nothing in his eyes in comparison with the proud reflection that it had

been allowed him in early boyhood to "serve the State upon the outer works."

But his active soldiering was now over, for at the end of Dec. '64, having received an appointment to a cadetship at the "Virginia Military Institute," he was ordered to report to the Superintendent of that institution.

As many of the older men here will recall, the renegade Major-General David Hunter, U. S. A., had wantonly destroyed, in the previous June, the academic buildings, library, laboratories and scientific apparatus of the "Institute," and the cadets (boys mostly under military age) were doing duty in the trenches near this city. After the evacuation of Richmond, April 2nd, '65, the corps was disbanded, and it was many, many months before the famous military school could be re-opened, even in rudest fashion, and academic study be resumed.

It is enough to say here that its rehabilitation was accomplished through the persistent energy and devotion of its able Superintendent, General Francis H. Smith, and that young Purcell entered the third class there in January 1866 and graduated, well up in his class, in 1868.

On his graduation he returned to Richmond and began his business career in the long established wholesale drug house of Purcell, Ladd & Company, of which his father and his uncle (Mr. Ladd) were the controlling partners.

From that time on, it may be fairly said, he had an unbroken success. For reasons already intimated, it is not our purpose to dwell upon his business activities.

But it is noteworthy that, though he ever disdained to exploit himself, in everything that claimed his energies and interest he always "arrived," and "at the top."

At the "Institute," he became cadet captain in the corps, and, in after years, was one of the most efficient members of its "Board of Visitors."

He entered the "First Virginia Regiment" in this city as captain, and soon became its colonel. He joined the "Richmond Clearing House," the "Richmond Chamber of Commerce," and the "American Wholesale Druggist Association," and became President of all three.

In 1887, he became a Director in the "First National Bank" of this city (destined to develop into one of the most powerful institutions in the whole South), became Vice-President in 1897, and its President in 1904, holding that position when he died.

Such "honors" are not "accidents," nor can they be explained by the occult influence of "the interests," which is the "blanket" explanation offered by that eminent financier, Mr. William Jennings Bryan, when his best-laid schemes gang aft a-gley.

They come to the man whom his associates instinctively recognize as one fitted above his fellows to compel success.

What is called "public life" had no attractions for him and he steadily refused to be a candidate for political office.

But whenever the "solid men" of Richmond gathered in conference to discuss large public interests or to consider legislation that they deemed imperative for the material and economic welfare of city or state, his counsel was always sought, and invariably he was placed upon the committees to whom was entrusted the task of preparing the proposed legislation and of submitting it to the "Solons" gathered in solemn conclave on "Capitol Hill," whether here or in Washington.

The list of these committees on which he served (far too long to be repeated here) testifies in no mean measure to his unflagging zeal in furthering the financial and commercial upbuilding of community and commonwealth.

He had "an infinite capacity for taking pains," and, when the complex details of some big financial "proposition" had to be unravelled, he would never let go until he had thoroughly mastered the problem.

His knowledge of banking was gained, in chief measure, by practical, every-day, experience, and he probably knew little more of what is called "the science of finance" than the average bank-president.

But his great strength lay in his fine judgment of men, in a certain intuitive sagacity in discerning special ability in those associated with him and in utilizing that ability by assigning its possessors to positions for which they were peculiarly fitted.

When he spoke in public, his utterances were always listened to with marked respect. He stated a case well and had the gift

of saying what he meant. However much men might differ with him in opinion, they knew that they would, at least, hear no nonsense. He made no pretense to being what is termed an "orator," but, he spoke without embarrassment and, as we have hinted, with lucid precision. On occasion, when greatly moved by memories of "the Cause" he so ardently loved, he rose to real eloquence, as witness the fine address he delivered at Tappahannock some years ago, when he presented to the county of Essex the handsome tablet given by his wife in memory of her uncle, General Richard Brooke Garnett, who fell at the head of his brigade of Virginians in Pickett's immortal charge at Gettysburg.

In 1872 he married Miss Charlotte Olympia Williamson, daughter of Colonel Thomas M. Williamson, Professor of Engineering at "the Institute."

There are certain relations in life too sacred, as a rule, to be touched upon in public, but, perhaps, it may be allowed us, without unduly offending the sensibilities of those nearest and dearest to him, to say simply that the union was an ideal one in its unclouded happiness.

In the social life of the city, in his clubs and elsewhere, he was a most amusing and delightful companion, for he knew how to play hard as well as work hard, had a great deal of humor and could always "cap" a good story by a better one.

He was a constant reader in many directions and was specially well informed regarding the Confederate war. In simple truth, all matters pertaining to the Confederacy went straight to his heart, and he was ever eager in his support by pen, purse, or utterance of all organizations that had for their object the preservation of the memories and history of that momentous struggle. He was an active member of "Lee Camp of Confederate Veterans," of the "Virginia Division of the Army of Northern Virginia," was on the "Advisory Board" of the "Confederate Museum," in this city, and was especially delighted when elected an "Honorary Member" of the "Pegram Battalion Veteran Association."

In these latter days of strenuous life when the Osler age-limit is the accepted one, he was, no doubt, what the world would

reckon an old man, for he had reached the age of sixty-seven, yet, until the last six months of his life, he was so full of initiative and of vitality, that when the unexpected news of his death came, all those who really knew him well felt a great shock as at a life cut off in its prime.

He bore the last few months of his illness with characteristic courage and cheerfulness, and, it is an abiding consolation to his old friends to know that, when the final summons came at Lexington, Virginia (whither he had gone for the summer with his family), on the morning of September 24th, 1916, the end was altogether free of pain.

Doubtless, some of you remember that ours was the sad office to announce at our last "Annual Meeting" the death of our old friend, Alexander Cameron, long one of the most prominent citizens of this community and to attempt, on that occasion, an estimate of his life and character.

In that inadequate sketch, mention was made that he was one of the three very remarkable brothers, William, Alexander and George, who came to Virginia from Scotland some seventy-five years ago with their widowed mother and settled in Petersburg. William has long since been dead, Alexander died in February, 1915, and now George the youngest of the three has followed them to what is called in their beautiful old Scotch speech the "Land o' the Leal."

What the descendants of such a man as George Cameron will most wish to know in the coming time is not what were the special activities in which he engaged during his long and honorable career, but what manner of man, in his daily walk and conversation, was this ancestor, who, starting at the foot of the ladder and confronted by obstacles that would have shaken a less resolute spirit, yet climbed to the top, and achieved not merely a great financial success, but became through sheer force of character a potent factor in the moral and social life of the community in which he lived.

Such information we shall endeavor to set down here in simplest fashion, and with such impartiality as may be given one, who for over fifty years was honored by his close friendship. We may say at the outset that we make no pretence to that

studied detachment and cold analysis, which numb alike the heart and the hand of the limner, holding firm to the conviction (regardless of what the disciples of Froude may urge) that no one is fitted to portray, justly and truthfully, the life and character of a contemporary unless he sincerely loved and admired the man he would depict.

The facts in his life are briefly these:

GEORGE CAMERON, youngest son of Alexander Cameron and Elizabeth Grant, his wife, was born on April 23rd, 1839, near Grantown, a small Highland village in Invernesshire. On the death of his father, when he was but two years old, he and his brothers came to Virginia with their mother, a woman of strong sense and of great decision of character, and settled in Petersburg. After brief schooling, the two older boys began their business career in the great tobacco factory of Mr. David Dunlop, a "brither Scot," to whom they were greatly attached to the end of his days.

George, meanwhile, was growing apace, and, when ten years old, was sent back to Scotland to his mother's brother, John Grant, who placed him at one of those admirable "Parish Schools," for which Scotland was so justly celebrated in the old days. There he remained until he was fifteen, when he returned to Petersburg, and, as his brothers had done, entered the "Dunlop factory" to learn the mysteries attending the "manipulation" of what Cowper (just as might be expected) calls the "pernicious weed." After a few years, the elder brothers determined to go into business for themselves, and George joined them in a short time, but not as yet as an equal partner. All three were masters of their craft, shrewd, energetic, enterprising, and their business from the start prospered greatly. William was reckoned a man of "vision" (as the phrase is just now) and, no doubt, was at first and, indeed, for some years afterwards, the directing genius of their enterprises, while Alexander and George were regarded as essentially "conservative." In the final outcome, "conservatism," as is usual, had the best of it. Some twenty years ago, when all of them had become rich men, William withdrew from the firm with a large fortune and for a time seemed to enjoy what is called "elegant leisure." But

his restless temperament soon impelled him (this time alone) to enter upon new business ventures of alluring promise, and, when his money "vanished into thin air," men (as is the way of the world) no longer spoke of him as "a man of vision," but as "a visionary man." He was full of bright-eyed observations, had travelled all over the world and seen everybody and everything, "camps and courts," and the surviving few who recall his brilliant conversational powers and his gracious, warm-hearted hospitality, will ever remember him with genuine affection and regard.

But we are anticipating.

George Cameron, when not yet twenty-two, and possessed of only a slender stipend, fell in love, as young men will do, even the "canniest" of Scotchmen, and, taking his courage in both hands, resolved, like another romantic Scot, of famous memory, to put his fate "to the touch," and so proposed marriage to one of the loveliest girls in Petersburg. And the maid, with the courage of perfect love that casteth out fear, bravely said "Yes" to the ardent wooer, and so, on March 13th, 1861, he was married to Miss Helen Dunn, daughter of Thomas R. Dunn and of Helen Spooner, his wife.

Apart from all "romantic" considerations, it was, indeed, a lucky stroke for him, for she was a young woman of exceptionally fine sense, and her wise administration of household affairs in their early married life and her intuitive counsel in larger matters, as time went on, proved no mean factor in his successful career.

In little over a month after their marriage, the storm of war broke, and nowhere throughout the whole South did the "war fever" beat higher than in the gallant little "Cockade City," which, with a population of less than ten thousand whites, sent eighteen full companies—infantry, cavalry and artillery—to what is called to-day, "the firing line"—in those days, simply, "the front."

Though George Cameron remained a British subject all his life, never becoming "naturalized," his devotion to his adopted state was deep and strong, and he at once enrolled himself in Wolfe's company of the "Local Defense Battalion," commanded

by gallant old Fletcher Archer of the Petersburg bar, who had years ago won his spurs on the fields of Mexico.

It was as a simple private in this command that he took part in the glorious action of June 9th, 1864, at the "Rives House" near Petersburg, when one hundred and twenty-five of the old men and boys of Petersburg, behind hastily-constructed earthworks covering a front of above six hundred yards, repelled the assaults of Kautz and his thirteen hundred picked troopers, and so saved Petersburg. All of his comrades agree that Cameron fought as stubbornly as men of his race always fight when the "*perfervidum jecur Scotorum*" possesses them. One fourth of that devoted little band fell killed and wounded on that field, and there is a glamour of pathetic glory about that fierce combat, which shall cause it (like "Newmarket") to live in song and story when many of the world's great battles are forgot.

Unluckily, Cameron's company, on the left, was completely enveloped by the superior forces of the enemy, who, attacking flank and rear, captured nearly two score of the Confederates (Cameron among them), whom they succeeded in carrying off as prisoners.

Among others captured with Cameron at the time was Anthony M. Keiley, afterwards mayor of this city, nominated by Cleveland as U. S. Minister, first to Italy and then to Austria, long dean of the "International Court" at Cairo, whom many of us remember as one of the most brilliant men of his day—a sort of "admirable Crichton"—lawyer, editor, orator and man-of-letters. A veteran officer of Lee's army, Keiley happened to be at the time in Petersburg "on leave," and, of course, volunteered (like the gallant soul that he was) to serve that day as a private in Archer's command.

After his return from captivity, he wrote (within a few months) in his apparently careless, yet inimitable, style, an account of the fight and of the subsequent hardships and needless cruelties, which he and Cameron experienced in the "prison-pen," first at Point Lookout, and, later on, at Elmira, New York.

This modest little volume, long since "out of print," is, no doubt, practically unknown to this generation, but it is one of those genuine "human documents" that can never altogether

die—a fit companion volume, indeed, to the "*Adventures of Captain Jack Kincaid of the Rifle Brigade*," though far superior to the latter in literary distinction.

On November 18th, '64, after over five months of captivity, Cameron was safe back in Petersburg.

Within a few months the war was over, and, slowly at first, but surely, the industrial and commercial life of Virginia and of the whole South awoke and began to bestir itself again. It should be stated just here that, as early as 1862, the Camerons, in addition to their regular business, had made bold ventures in "blockade running," steadily reaping a golden harvest from that time on until Wilmington, N. C., and other Southern ports were "sealed" in '64. They were shrewd and sensible enough to deposit the enormous returns from these ventures in England, so that the end of the war found them with solid credit at home and abroad, which few, if any, Southern firms could boast.

These keen-witted young Scots, as you can readily imagine, were not slow to seize the chance thus offered to their enterprising spirit, and then began that wondrous expansion of their business, embracing two hemispheres—branch houses under varying Cameron titles, or subsidiary firms controlled by them, in Richmond, Louisville, Liverpool, London, Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide and Brisbane, the last four concerns supplying seventy-five per cent of the manufactured tobacco consumed in India and the Australian Colonies. This expansion, developed gradually and conducted with the traditional Scotch caution, required a good many years for its achievement, but, looking back now and viewing it as a whole, the story reads like some chapter out of "*Monte Christo*" or the "*Arabian Nights*."

In 1883, in the midst of these strenuous activities, he suffered a grievous blow in the death of his wife, who for some years had been an invalid. He bore the blow with characteristic fortitude and the incessant demands upon every waking moment of his time (for he was now sole manager of the great "home factories" in Petersburg) kept him from morbid brooding. He loved work for work's sake, was a man of powerful physique and his constitutioned industry had become through rigid training a habit,

which remained immutable after he had passed his three score and ten. Sydney Smith once said of a friend of his that "he had an ungovernable passion for work." The whimsical exaggeration of the witty divine was almost the literal truth in Cameron's case.

His work heartened him, his friendships cheered him, and gradually Time brought healing in his wings. On July 19th, 1886, he married Miss Delia Pegram, daughter of Capt. Richard G. Pegram, long leader of the Petersburg bar (and later on, a successful practitioner here), who, like all men of his name and breed, was one of the most valorous soldiers that ever buckled on sabre. Cameron was then but forty-seven, strikingly handsome, as were all the brothers, and the kindly fates had decreed that he and his gracious young wife should enjoy many years of happiness and that the spacious halls of "Mount Erin Towers" should resound once more with merry childish laughter and re-echo the pattering of little feet. But, as is inevitable, the happiness was not without alloy, for he lost two sons (by his first marriage), who had grown to manhood, and his old age was greatly saddened by the death of his youngest boy, a winsome little lad of marvellous precociousness, to whom he was passionately attached.

Years followed of usefulness and honor and hard work, though they were by no means years of "all work and no play" and "Jack" never became "a dull boy." He went around the world twice, travelled extensively in England and on the Continent and made repeated visits to the old "home-nest" in the Highlands by the pleasant river Spey.

In 1904, he and his surviving brother, Alexander, sold out their various businesses here and in Australia to the "British-American Tobacco Company" and definitely retired.

But, as we have indicated above, it was impossible for a man of his habits and temperament ever to become idle. He had a great fortune to claim his constant attention, was owner of a fine estate on the Appomattox and became interested in "scientific" farming, was passionately devoted to flowers and never counted the hours lost which he spent in pottering about his extensive hot-houses or in making still more beautiful the spacious grounds that surrounded "Mt. Erin Towers."

He was intensely domestic in all his tastes and his "ain ingle neuk" was ever to him the dearest spot on earth. He belonged to the clubs, of course, but never went to them, and though, as we have seen, he wandered, from time to time, far afield, he was always anxious to get back to the one spot on earth sanctified to him by the name of "home." What delightful memories of brave cheer and cordial welcome, of bright talk and harmless laughter, the mere mention of "Mt. Erin Towers" stirs in the breasts of all who had the privilege of enjoying its profuse, yet elegant, hospitality!

He possessed a famous wine-cellar that contained a great variety of rare vintages, and he was always glad to have his friends test their excellence and give their verdict on their respective merits. He himself, mark you, was one of the most abstemious of men and, in the latter years of his life, because of heart-trouble, never touched even a single glass of wine. Like "Duke Vincentio," in "*Measure for Measure*," he was truly "a gentleman of all temperance, rather rejoicing to see another merry." But he had a robust scorn, which he did not hesitate to express, for the Pecksniffian professional "reformers," who in these latter days are walking up and down the earth mouthing eternally their litanies of "Cant." In fact, he expressed his opinion on most subjects with a directness and vigor that left little to the imagination. But this was only at his own board, or when surrounded by a knot of very old friends. His judgment was sound, not only in business matters, but in delicate questions of personal conduct that often arise in private life. He was stubborn of opinion, when once he had made up his mind about people or things, and was by no means free from "prejudice," as who of us, indeed, is? But the honesty of the man was transparent in every utterance and action and he never resented in the least degree, an expression of opinion directly the opposite of the one he might be vigorously maintaining. Nay, more—once convince him that he was wrong and he was no more too proud to change his mind than he was "too proud to fight."

Like every man of original parts (as distinguished from mere acquisition), he had a keen sense of humor, and his mellow

chuckle over a "shrewd thrust," whether at his own expense or another's, is remembered still with tender wistfulness. One of his most salient characteristics was his unobtrusiveness. He was always at his ease, but preferred, in any large company, to be a listener rather than a talker.

As we happen to know, his benefactions to charities, to the church, and to the less fortunate, were numerous and munificent, but he never spoke of them even to his intimates, and he was as loyal to his friends as any mortal that ever walked the earth.

Just before the dawn ushered in the New Year of 1916, the supreme stroke fell with tragic suddenness. At twelve o'clock at night he was reading in his library. At 2. A. M he was dead.

But shall we call it "tragic," reflecting that, in thus being struck down while still in full possession of his mental and physical powers, he was mercifully spared the sufferings inseparable from long illness or lingering decline.

If, as the Wise Man says, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," then, in all soberness and truth, was George Cameron that noblest work of God, an HONEST MAN.

Scarcely more than a week after the death of George Cameron, his closest friend in Petersburg, the man whom, perhaps, he most loved and whom he had made executor of his estate, was suddenly stricken with paralysis, and, after lingering for three weeks, sunk quietly into the dreamless sleep that knows no waking here.

This was ALEXANDER HAMILTON, whose relations to Cameron were peculiarly close. Both were immensely busy men, engaged in large affairs, yet they managed to see each other almost daily—taking long walks or drives after office hours, and not seldom going off together, like two school boys on "a lark," for a fortnight's fishing in Florida or a brief spin overseas.

As we can testify of our own personal knowledge, Hamilton was terribly shaken by the death of his old friend, whom he loved with all the intensity of his ardent nature, and it may well be that that tragic event had much to do with the lethal stroke that carried him off in so brief a time. We ourselves, at any rate, have always thought so.

We shall only set down here so much of his "line of descent" as beseems so slight a sketch as this, for he was pure Scotch on both sides of his house and we all know how interminable are Scotch genealogies, if once we begin. This one, for instance, begins in 1292!

ALEXANDER HAMILTON, son of Robert Alston Hamilton and of Sarah Caroline Alexander, his wife, was born in Granville (now Vance) County, North Carolina, on March 18th, 1850. Though born in North Carolina, he was essentially a Virginian, having lived steadily in Petersburg since early boyhood, and it is doubtful whether, outside his own immediate family, a dozen people knew that he was not a native of this commonwealth.

His grandfather, Patrick Hamilton, was of the "Parkhead branch" of the Hamiltons of Lanarkshire, and did not come to America until the beginning of the nineteenth century, when he settled, with others of his family, near Williamsboro in Granville County. He was a man of education, accumulated a handsome fortune as a thrifty merchant, married Mary Eaton Baskervill of the well-known Virginia family of that ilk, and became a prosperous planter, as you may read in that delightful volume (privately printed) entitled "*The Hamiltons of Burnside*" by his grandson, Patrick Hamilton Baskervill, M. A.

It was his son, Robert Alston, college-bred, courtly of manner (some of us remember him well) and blessed with comfortable fortune, who moved to Petersburg, when his second boy, the subject of this sketch, was a lad of little over seven.

On the Alexander side, his great-grand-father, Moses Alexander, who had been "up and awa' wi' Prince Charlie," came over soon after "the 45" and settled in Mecklenburg, North Carolina. But his grandchildren drifted to Virginia, as, we are glad to say, is so often the case with natives of the gallant "Old North State," and intermarried with the best families of the commonwealth. One of these grandsons, Nathaniel Alexander, father of our Mr. Hamilton's mother, was an officer in the United States Navy, served under Perry in "1812," resigned the service, settled down as a planter and for several terms was a member of the Virginia Senate. Another grandson, Mark Alexander, born in Mecklenburg County, Virginia, became still

more prominent in Virginia politics—was member of the Legislature, represented the “4th Virginia District” in Congress from 1819 to 1833, and took a leading part in the famous “Constitutional Convention” of 1829-30, the ablest body of men that ever sat in this state—perhaps, the ablest body of law-makers that ever sat in the western world. A little over seventy years after, his great-nephew, Alexander Hamilton, was destined to make a great name for himself in another celebrated “Virginia Constitutional Convention.”

The lad, “Alexander,” had his early schooling at “Belmont,” an admirable boarding-school in Mecklenburg county, N. C., conducted by a sound scholar of the old-fashioned type, Mr. Ralph H. Graves, and, after a further course at “McCabe’s University School,” in Petersburg, Virginia, where he was “good at books” and the acknowledged leader in all athletic sports, entered the “Virginia Military Institute” in 1868 as “third-class man” and was graduated in 1871. He had a natural taste for “soldiering,” had lived in Petersburg all through “the Siege” of that brave old town, when he had listened at his father’s table to the talk of the most famous soldiers who were defending it, and it was the great regret of his life that he had not been old enough to serve in that heroic army. Had the fates so ordered it, what a glorious soldier he would have been!—doubtless, with his eager courage and instant readiness of resource, the peer of any of them!

During his last year at the “Institute” he was appointed Instructor in Latin (his strong point at school) and Adjutant of the Corps, and, immediately on his graduation, matriculated in the Law School of Washington and Lee University (situated within a stone’s throw), where he had the good fortune to come under the personal instruction of that great Virginian, Honorable John Randolph Tucker, Professor of “Equity and Public Law,” who, in his long and brilliant service in Congress, was regarded by Republicans and Democrats alike as the ablest Constitutional lawyer, whether in the lower or the upper house, whose inexorable logic and sober eloquence recalled the best traditions of Virginia statesmanship.

Despite the difference in their ages, pupil and instructor soon became intimate friends—a friendship which lasted until Mr. Tucker's death, and Hamilton has left grateful record under his own hand that of the salient influences which, in chief measure, shaped his career, the most potent of them all was this personal contact with his great master. To the end of his days, indeed, whenever he spoke of Mr. Tucker (and he spoke of him often) his friends used to say that, though he was little given to hero-worship, there was a distinct suggestion of incense in the air. But we all loved him the more for his boyish enthusiasm regarding his old mentor, for there were not a few of us who, in days gone by, had also fallen under the spell of that incomparable talker and inimitable *raconteur*, whose ready wit and whimsical quips, quite apart from his profound learning, must remain a great tradition both in his native state and in the national capital long after the fame of most of his contemporaries shall have become but a dim memory to all save the "curious."

Having graduated in law, young Hamilton came to Richmond in the autumn of 1873 and "offered for practice"—an offer which an unappreciative public apparently "politely but firmly" declined. But it was, notwithstanding this, a happy winter for him, for, young and well-born and as handsome as one of "Ouida's" dashing young guardsmen, he went out a good deal into society, and, above all, could enjoy endless talks every day with his devoted "crony," "Joe" Bryan, while they both waited for clients that never came. How little could either forecast the future, or dream that in little over a single decade both of them were to become men of commanding influence in their respective communities and be reckoned among the first citizens of the commonwealth.

In the following spring, he went back to Petersburg, became the law-partner of Mr. Alexander Donnan (who had an established practice), and in less than ten years was the recognized leader of the bar of that city.

From that time on, Fortune smiled upon all the varied activities that engaged that busy brain. At last, she had sent the ball rolling to his feet, and he had boldly picked it up and with unerring eye had sent it flying straight to goal.

These activities are too numerous for us to dwell on in detail. Paramount to all the rest was his connection with the "Legal Department" of the "Atlantic Coast Line R. R. Company" and its subsidiary lines. Starting simply as their "Attorney" for Petersburg, while still in active practice at that bar, he soon became their "General Counsel for Virginia," and, when, under the able constructive policy of that sagacious "captain of industry," Mr. Henry Walters, the present "Atlantic Coast Line R. R. Company" was formed by the consolidation of the various constituent companies, he became "General Counsel" for the whole of that great system. He was also elected, first, the Second Vice-President and, later on, the First Vice-President of the new company. Only a year or two ago, he received still further promotion by being made President of the "Atlantic Coast Line of Connecticut," the "holding company" (organized under the laws of Connecticut) that controls both the "A. C. L." and "L. & N." properties.

Of course, all this forced him to give up general practice.

No railroad in this country, or, indeed, in any country, ever had in its service a servant more utterly devoted to its interests and its high reputation, and the official resolutions passed by the directors at his death (simple, direct, yet charged with deep feeling) constitute a testimonial to his efficiency, integrity, and personal charm that signally distinguishes them from the conventional expressions of condolence usual in such cases.

In addition to all this, he became some twenty years ago President of the largest and oldest bank in Petersburg ("The Petersburg Saving & Insurance Co."), whose affairs he managed with conspicuous financial ability up to the time of his death, besides being director in many public corporations and being much sought after as fiduciary in administering large private estates.

Apart from his legal training, he was otherwise admirably equipped for the successful conduct of these multifarious activities, for from the beginning of his young manhood he had been a persistent student of economics and of finance and was wont to read (what seems to us) the dreary volumes dealing with those subjects with as keen an interest as the average reader takes

in the latest "best seller." Just here, it may be noted that he was all his life deeply interested in all matters pertaining to education. So genuine was this interest, that, despite the ever-increasing volume of his arduous duties, he managed to find time to serve on the "Board of Visitors" of his old school, the Virginia Military Institute, where, with the cordial co-operation of the Superintendent, he inaugurated many reforms of lasting value. Twenty years of such fruitful service did he give his Alma Mater, during ten of which he was President of the Board. Even after he felt obliged to decline reappointment, he unselfishly consented to become "President of the School Board" in Petersburg, and, in that position, rendered conspicuous service in establishing a higher degree of efficiency in the Public Schools of that city.

Had he elected to go into politics, as he was repeatedly urged to do, there is small doubt that with his industry and talents he would have attained eminence in that field. The same qualities that made him such an effective advocate at the bar—clear thinking, apt illustration in argument and a happy knack of never talking over the heads of his audience—must surely have compelled success.

But though, as might be expected in the case of a man of his prominence, he often presided at public meetings, both at home and elsewhere in the state, he never but once accepted public office, if, indeed, we may so term the service he felt called upon to render.

Without the remotest solicitation, he was elected a delegate from Petersburg to the "Virginia Constitutional Convention" of 1901-1902, where, as we have said above (deliberately weighing our words), he soon made "a great name" for himself. In that assemblage of really able men, the breadth of his views, the cogency of his arguments, his readiness and uniform courtesy in debate, all this in conjunction with his winning personality won for him the confidence and admiration of his colleagues and caused him to be regarded on all sides as one of the most sagacious among the acknowledged leaders of that body. So great, indeed, was the impression which he made, that, the year after the Convention adjourned, he was elected without opposition President of the "Virginia Bar Association," a position which he held as long as he was eligible.

So passed the strenuous years. Yet often were there unexpected compensations when most he was driven by the work imposed upon him as lawyer, banker, or rail-road official. His duties as "General Counsel" of a great system, of necessity, carried him constantly to various sections of the country and his figure was almost as familiar in New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore or in Charleston, Savannah, and Mobile, as it was in Richmond or Petersburg. Everywhere he went, his intelligence and high-breeding and compelling charm of manner won him hosts of friends, who insisted on entertaining him in a purely social way after business matters had been ended. And when these new-made acquaintances (many of them destined in time to become "old friends") came to Petersburg to confer with him, as they often did, they were at once impulsively seized upon and carried off to be guests in his own beautiful home, where they found such warmth of welcome and sumptuous entertainment as recalled the best traditions of the "Old South."

"Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast," says Shakespeare in his immortal "*Comedy*," but here was great cheer and great welcome too, and the "merry feast," we may be sure, was made doubly charming to his guests by the bright and genial talk of their host.

But for all his engaging qualities in private life and his uniform observance of the amenities in his conduct of professional or business affairs, there was "a streak of Cato" in the man. Let him once be convinced that an opponent had mistaken his deferential courtesy for timidity or that any body of men, "by bias and indirection," were seeking to overreach the railroad company (which he served and whose interests he ever held higher than his own) and instantly (as some of us have witnessed) the mobile features hardened, a *timbre* of defiance rang in the usually softly-modulated voice, and his measured words of contemptuous indignation were such as few men could ever forget.

Those who did not know him well, seeing him in one of these masterful moods of "righteous wrath," would take away an utterly erroneous impression of the man, for if ever there was a human being saturated with the spirit of kindliness to his

fellows and of tender sympathy for those "distressed in mind, body or estate," as the Prayer-book hath it, it was he.

At last, in the early morning of February 4th, 1916, came the "one clear call" to that intrepid spirit, and it was answered, we may be sure, with the same serene courage as had been answered every call made to him in a long and resolute life.

As we recall his noble rectitude, his nice sense of personal honor that did not "set life at a pin's fee" when that honor was at stake, his generous enthusiasm for all things exalted, his virile scorn for all things mean, his sweetness of disposition, his tender heart and open hand—as we remember all these stern and gentle virtues, there flashes through our mind (as peculiarly appropriate to this dear dead friend) that noble epitaph which the Duke of Buckingham wrote on his father-in-law, "the Great Lord Fairfax":

Both sexes virtues were in him combined;
He had the fierceness of the manliest mind,
And all the meekness too of womankind.

He never knew what envy was or hate;
His soul was filled with worth and honesty,
And with another thing besides, quite out of date,
Call'd modesty.

Over the rest of those whom we are called upon to mourn, we can only breathe a simple, but heartfelt, *requiescant!*

All of which is respectfully submitted.

W. GORDON McCABE,
President.

At the conclusion of the report it was announced that the next business was the election of officers and members of the Executive Committee. On motion, a nominating committee composed of Col. W. Miles Cary and Messrs. Charles C.

Anderson and David C. Richardson. The Committee retired and on its return recommended that the following be elected:

President—W. Gordon McCabe, Richmond, Va.

Vice-Presidents—Archer Anderson, Richmond, Va., Edward V. Valentine, Richmond, Va., and Lyon G. Tyler, Williamsburg, Va.

Corresponding Secretary and Librarian—William G. Stanard, Richmond, Va.

Recording Secretary—D. C. Richardson, Richmond, Va.

Treasurer—Robert A. Lancaster, Jr., Richmond, Va.

Executive Committee—C. V. Meredith, Richmond, Va. Charles W. Kent, University of Virginia, J. Stewart Bryan, Richmond, Va., A. C. Gordon, Staunton, Va., S. S. P. Patterson, Richmond, Va., S. A. Yonge, Richmond, Va., William H. Palmer, Richmond, Va., Rt. Rev. A. M. Randolph, Norfolk, Va., Daniel Grinnan, Richmond, Va., J. P. McGuire, Jr., Richmond, Va., Wm. A. Anderson, Lexington, Va., Morgan P. Richmond, Richmond, Va.

A resolution thanking the President for his services during the past year was adopted.

Mr. T. C. Bryan was called to the chair and on motion the officers and members were unanimously elected.

President McCabe then resumed the chair and stated that any other business would be in order. As there was none, on motion, the meeting adjourned.